THE FOUNTAIN OPENED

In the Midst of the Valley.

A SERMON

PREACHED ON THE SIXTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

AT

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.,

JUNE 3, 1890,

BY

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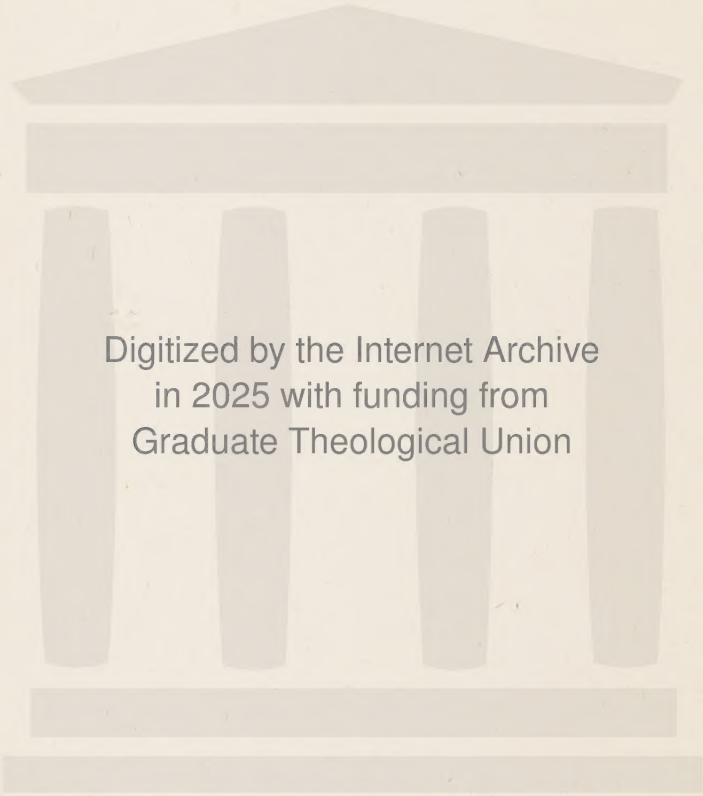
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The Fountain Opened in the Midst of the Valley:

A Realistic Study in Spiritual Reclamation.

With this Anniversary, managers and members of the American Home Missionary Society, you close the sixty-fourth and open the sixty-fifth campaign of this division of the church militant. For the uses of its introductory hour you have seen fit to call into requisition one of your scouts, one of your men from the outerpost. By so doing you publish the fact that you have not deemed it needful for this occasion to have any re-examination made of the great ends and principles involved in spiritual warfare, any review taken of campaigns past, any wisdom or counsel offered for campaigns to come, nor any arousement of the forces to their prosecution. Had you wished for such things, you would have known doubtless where to look for them. It does not fall to scouts to give these nor to have them. It is required of them only to make report. My duty is therefore a simple one, and simply let me perform it.

I will entitle my subject "The Fountain Opened in the Midst of the Valley: a Realistic Study in Spiritual Reclamation."

The text for it is Isaiah xli: 17-20 (revised version).

"The poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst; I the Lord will answer them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers on the bare heights and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the acacia tree, and the myrtle and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together."

These verses may be buttressed by those in the same prophecy, Is. xxxv.

This is a prophetical forecast of the workings of the American Home Missionary Society.

The essential features of the representation are four.

1. The Dry Valley. Some desert place in a land of rainless summer. A waterless, heat-smitten waste. In which, as summer months grow torrid, every living creature, man and beast and bird, becomes poor and needy; and is set to seeking water. All other pursuits, all other needs, all thoughts, all instincts, functions, are absorbed into this. But water there is none. The heaven overhead is brass, and the earth underneath is iron. The rain of the land is powder and dust. Tongue faileth for thirst.

Of many a desert valley, both on the ancient Mediterranean slope and on that of our modern Pacific, these terms afford a picture which is absolutely realistic.

The intrepid man and his yet more intrepid wife are living amongst us yet who, forty-one years ago, in the early migration to California, led their perishing company through Death Valley; a low, arid plain lying like that of the Dead Sea, many feet below the level of the ocean; a veritable oven, whose intolerable heat abates not night nor day. Water failed them. They were perishing with thirst. Many of them died. Most did. All would, but for the invincible heroism of that pioneer woman. She it was who inspired the others and kept them along, a lessening handful of survivors, until herself found and brought them water. And they were saved.

And may I tell you in parenthesis that that lion-hearted couple, long past their three-score years and ten, are now, as they have been nearly all this while, missionaries of the Society whose anniversary we are celebrating to-night? And they have only this past year established in one of the most promising portions of our State, yet another Pilgrim church; and as we are sitting here they are about to dedicate a $4,000 meeting-house, paid for; to insure which, at a critical juncture in its construction, they mortgaged, to the very last dollar of its value, their own little home, the refuge of their age.

You will pardon the digression, brethren. But I wish you to know that while we on the Pacific coast are, perhaps justly, chargeable with vast and gross materialism, we have not altogether outlived the possibilities of moral heroism. Our fine gold is not all of it congealed in veins of rock. Living hearts hold some of it!

This is the foundation feature of the representation—a low-lying, waterless plain; torrid, desolate, deathful.

2. The second feature is not yet the Fountain, but that without which

the fountain were impossible—the Rivers Opened on Bare Heights. If you have not been accustomed to connect those details of Isaiah's description —the bare heights which overhang the dry valley and the rivers opened upon them, with the fountains springing below—I beg that you will hasten to do so. They stand vitally related, as cause and effect, as source and supply. The whole power of Isaiah's conception, and of the use which it will be attempted to make of it to-night, depends upon a due recognition of that relation. These rivers opened on the bare heights are another bit of realism. Heights literally bare, on which rivers are literally opened. Bald, verdureless peaks, storm-beaten, ice-furrowed, lightning-splintered— Lebanon and Hermon in the East, Shasta and Whitney in the West. Reaching far above the border lines of life and vegetation, they pierce the clouds. Literally pierce and puncture them. And there, winter and summer, in form of lake and drift and glacial ice, is stored in vast deep-canyoned heights the moisture which is to supply all summer long the need of field and flock and town : not only along the mountain slopes and their adjacent foot-hills, but, if it can be got to them, of the thirsty plains away below. They all do look up to the mountains whence cometh their help. Those bare heights are nature's intermediaries; the depositories and distributers of heaven's largess.

3. Thirdly, the Water, the Fountain itself. In Palestine, the natural water-spring; in California, the flowing well. Sunk a thousand feet, but finding the vein which, flowing along lines of geological dip, is siphoned down from mountain fastnesses a hundred miles away. It descends into its grave there to find a resurrection here.

4. Then, last, the Wilderness and the Solitary Place made glad, the Desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose. The "glowing sand"—the mocking mirage of chapter thirty-five—becomes in reality that which it had simulated. The thirsty ground literally becomes springs of water. In the habitation of jackals, where they lay, grows grass with reeds and rushes. In the wilderness is planted—in that very self-same Death Valley—the cedar, and the acacia tree, the myrtle, and the oil tree, the fir tree, the pine and the box tree together. The river, losing itself upon the mountain, becomes the valley's resurrection and its life.

I say it is all a prophetical forecast of the workings of the American Home Missionary Society, of our particular Society, and of all kin-

dred movements in our Lord's on-going kingdom everywhere among men.

Any detailed setting forth of this I need not make. Your own quick thoughts have already made it. The dearthy plain—what else can it stand for than collective humanity? The universal flesh and heart crying out for the living God. The whole creation groaning and travailing in pain together until now. The round habitable earth is, spiritually, Death Valley. The bare heights with their opened rivers represent the great intermediaries of grace. Mountainous men; patriarchs, prophets, apostles, evangelists, church fathers, reformers, pilgrims—all the great leaders of spiritual thought and action. Or let the bare heights be the great world and race movements, institutions and societies; the whole vast apparatus of connecting agencies between earth's spiritual need and heaven's supply. And the fountain? It is the Pilgrim church. Not ours only, but ours surely. The Pilgrim church in all ages, under all names and throughout all lands; the perpetual moving tabernacle of God; the place of his feet made perennially glorious; the local church of Christ that has been, and is, and is to be; the unfailing distributary of his grace and truth.

But what then, in the spiritual sense, of the Reclaimed Desert?

It is to speak upon that, as I understand it, and if I may, to vivify it somewhat to your conception, that I have been summoned from my distant home. I beg your indulgence, therefore, in drawing out this part of Isaiah's parable somewhat at length. In it we shall find good inspiration, believe me, for our future work in Home Missions.

In order to gain the full significance of the Desert Reclaimed I must take you to the State I come from. Not because I come from it, but because it is there my observation lies. Because, moreover, our California is in all matters of physical conformation—in climate, seasons and especially in rain distribution, almost the counterpart of Palestine. So that if you would know your Bibles, brethren, you must go east or west, to the old Canaan or to the new. California is pre-eminently the land of the Flowing Well. If you were to ask me the most characteristic thing of our coast and clime, I should answer, not our deep Yosemite, our wild Sierra, our ice-capped mountains, nor our mammoth groves. But I should unhesitatingly say the most characteristic thing California possesses to-day is the fountain in the midst of the valley. The flowing well. The well material. Though I do not know but I might also add the well spiritual. All those appli-

ances, material and moral, which are converting wildernesses into pools of water, turning glowing sands into springs, and transforming habitations of jackals into grass with reeds and rushes. The material wealth of the Golden State lies no longer in her mountain mines but in her mountain veins. Not in dead gold and silver, but in living water,—which, heaven-stored upon bare heights, is transforming her deserts into gardens.

1. Let us consider the type: the natural well, the history of its construction and its outcome.

The young man and his wife, pushed out from the old home by true Abrahamic instincts—and walking, as did their ancient prototype, by faith and not by sight—have located themselves on a section of desert land. A veritable habitation of jackals. (COYOTE is the occidental name these creatures go by. They are, however, the genuine biblical article, and genuinely located, where no other creature would or could endure.) The outlook before these young pilgrims is desolate, to corporeal vision, it is desperate. Yet they have made no mistake, They are within the artesian belt. Walking still by faith—which usually means, in this connection, with borrowed money—they sink a well. It is a long, trying, expensive, almost consuming operation. For many a day they are compelled to walk by faith. And, like the ancient worthies, they are destitute, afflicted, tormented; and go clad, scarcely in a figurative sense at all, in sheepskins and in goatskins, and are fain to dwell in caves and dens of the earth. But presently faith and endurance find reward. After long toil the sweet water is reached. It gushes up and overflows in measureless abundance. Through pipe and trench it is distributed over those arid acres. Then are planted the vine, the orange, the citron, and the lemon, the olive, the fig tree and the walnut. A little house appears. A bare, cheap thing, only a matter of two rooms, one to eat in and one to sleep in. The desert sun beats upon it. The hot winds pelt it and shrivel its boards apart.

What significance in all this?

As yet, but little realized significance. These two walk still by faith and not altogether yet by sight. They behold the promise, but it is very far off. They are persuaded of it, but as yet they do not touch it. Nevertheless here is the germ of home, and affluence and culture, and good success and happiness, and of all those things which make human life desirable. They still live frugally; without luxuries or delicacies, scarcely with necessaries. But the water flows, and the sun shines and heaven

smiles, and their hearts are strong and the trees grow. By and by the desert relents; the bare sand begins to be shaded, the bitter air is touched with a gentleness of perfume. Green vines clamber around the little house and hide it from the scorching sun. Children come, and flowers and fruits. The two-roomed cottage grows to ten. The bare floors receive carpets, the bare walls tints and pictures, the tables bear books and prints and magazines. Then there is a bank account, and guests, festivities—life has come at last and come abundantly. It is the glad fulfillment of the prophecy. Faith has fruited. The wilderness no longer shall, but does blossom as the rose. The excellency of Sharon and of Carmel has been given unto it.

In all this read in allegory the planting and the fruiting of the Home Mission church.

But we have not yet attained the significance of the flowing well. We have considered it only as it touches the fortunes of the one family who sank it. Its final effects reach out far wider. Here stands the affluent home and life, music, books, pictures, education, society, culture. But think out farther. How many more there are of people and creatures that are directly and indirectly to participate in the large bounty created by the Flowing Well. How many a dumb creature slacks its thirst from that sweet water. The birds bathe in it, drink of it, nest over it, and send up their song in gratitude for it. Passers-by are refreshed by deep draughts from it and by the very sight and smell of it. Perfume and beauty are born out of it for many a sick room, woven in many a bridal wreath, and twined into sweet solace for many a burial hour. The well has a thousand products which cannot be summed up in terms of money, but which are beyond all statement of value. It has a boundless ministry of life and grace.

Think, for example, of the exchangers, the great class of middle men; of the other homes and other families enriched out of the products of these same orchards and of this same well. It signifies not one bank account only, but in its widest sense, many.

But there is more even than that. Follow the fruits nourished by this one flowing well on through all intermediary stages to their final disposition They grace wedding feasts and reunions at Thanksgiving tables. They come to you at the East, whence is forwarded the money that sinks the wells. You set them before your choice and honored guests. The great

globes of gold, the luscious fig, the juicy melons, the nutritious olives, the nuts, the grapes, the pomegranates, how they gladden every sense! Think, too, of the talk which they inspire, the cheer they afford those whom you most wish to cheer!

There lies in all this a conceivable income of satisfaction and delight greatly beyond the containing capabilities of any financial summary.

Or trace the history of some single fruit. Here, for instance, is an orange, large, golden, fragrant. It goes into the hands of some pale-faced woman or impoverished child; into some abode of misery; or into some hospital. During our late war, in one of the military wards, there was put into the hand of a poor fellow of laboring breath and hectic cheek, a great fragrant orange. He turned it over; held it up in his thin fingers; smelled it; caressed it; kissed it. And holding it up to the sight of the Christian Commission angel who had brought it, he laboriously exclaimed: "That—is—worth—a—hundred—dollars!"

And so it was, poor fellow! It was well worth all that to him,—part of the incalculable outcome of the Flowing Well.

But not even this aggregation of estimates exhausts our conception. One family is made affluent and happy, one abode of culture and hospitality opened to the world; others like it are helped on towards the same consummation; incidental benefit and pleasure conferred, beyond our power to trace; all this is much. But there remains yet more. Every flowing well, successfully established, suggests and incites another, and another, and yet others. It brings in neighborhood, and school and church. Until we behold not merely a glad oasis in the desert, but lo! the desert itself blossoming as the rose. The influence and product of the one well sink twenty more. And so valley after valley, region after region, are reached and conquered. It is but the simple question of water, and of the possibility of its distribution, and every torrid league on earth may be reclaimed. Prodigious in its ultimate outcome are the effects of the Flowing Well!

And this, fathers and brethren, is the material conception which underlies Isaiah's prophecy of spiritual reclamation.

II. Turn now to the antitype: to the great spiritual processes and effects which the parable is designed to represent.

Let a pair of instances suffice to concretely set these forth. They may do so better than a bureau of statistics or an atlas of maps.

The first instance of which I, myself, happen to have had some personal observation, is of a well opened thirty years ago. Fifteen persons met in a little house, still standing, in what was then a community of less than fifteen hundred souls. They came not only to talk and counsel, but to pray; for they were men and women in touch with God. They were considering the matter of a flowing well of the spiritual sort. There was the valley—opportunity; and there was the dearth—lack of sufficient religious ministration. The moral aspect of the place could not be better summed up than by the prophet's words, "Tongue faileth for thirst."

They consulted and prayed, and said "We'll do it!" They joined heart and hand, declaring, "Cost what it may, we'll sink the well!" And they did. But ah, it was a stern and laborious task. For many a day those fifteen and the few others who joined them ate the bread of self-denial. Delicately reared women dismissed their household help and did the work themselves. Enterprising, ambitious men turned resolutely away from golden schemes and made their small invested capital still smaller. A few days later on—it will be thirty years the 9th of next December, when eight men and seven women standing up together in a little borrowed room, solemnly plighted their faith and joyfully covenanted with one another and with God to establish a Church of Christ of the Pilgrim order.

What has been the outcome of that faith and self-denial?

It has borne true Abrahamic fruit. There stands to-day on that foundation, a church of more than eleven hundred members. It has multiplied its original seventeen by more than the hundred fold, having received to its membership, down to the date of its last communion service, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six souls, of whom one half have come upon confession. It is a church which is teaching to-day seventeen hundred in its Sunday-schools; possesses an enrolled battalion of two hundred valiant soldiers of Christian Endeavor; which maintains kindergartens and all manner of mission-industrial work; and held the pledge, at a recent census, of thirteen hundred and twenty-two persons to total abstinence. It has a constituency of one thousand families. It reaches, each week, with some form of religious ministration, two thousand five hundred persons, and has five thousand regularly looking to it for their spiritual supplies, and to as many more, doubtless, does it annually furnish, in some incidental way, at least a cup of cold water in the Master's name. It is a church which has been privileged of God in its thirty years to bring forth

nine more churches within the field itself originally occupied; and to lend a hand—a hand frequently with members and habitually with money in it, to four times nine new churches in fields outside its own. It is a church also, which, with no credit to itself—for, brethren, only sink the well, pipe it, keep an open flow, and it is God who, from his bare heights and the rivers opened on them, will supply the water—it is a church which has enjoyed the great blessedness of contributing its part to every good thing in a city which has increased in the thirty years from fifteen hundred to sixty thousand souls, and having been enabled to help on almost every good thing in its State, it is recognized to-day throughout a widely extended territory as a powerful adjunct and auxiliary of all good things in morals, politics, charity, and the general humanities. A power for God and good in a population which, already dense, is fast becoming one of the ganglion centers of American civilization, it is also laying its serviceable touch upon trans-oceanic continents and the intervening islands of the sea. It has furnished ministers for the pulpit and sent Sunday-school superintendents and Christian workers out over a wide area; it has consecrated, already, six missionaries to foreign service, and has two others under appointment by the Board; and as for wives to missionaries and ministers—brethren, you should just see those predatory tribes swooping down upon its girls!

It is a true flowing well in the midst of a valley.

Ah! those fifteen who met thirty years ago next October made no mistake. They were within God's artesian belt. Their divining rod was not misleading. Their call was genuine, their aim unerring. They struck the vein. The flow of the rivers breaking out from bare heights did not disappoint them. And behold this wide expanse of spiritual fertility!

This church was not, in form, a daughter of the American Home Missionary Society, and it is for that reason in good part that I have cited it here; as illustrating the wider outreach of the real Home Mission work. Its name does not appear upon your family record, and yet, in the true sense, it is your daughter. In its infant days it sucked the breasts of churches which had sucked yours. Its swaddling bands you made, only they were passed on to it at second hand. The real sum total of Home Mission work and influence can never be made to appear in tabulated summaries of results, any more than can the real output of a flowing well.

The other instance I have to quote is of but recent standing,—of, not thirty years, but only three.

On the 26th of May, three years ago, a pastor in central California was called five hundred miles into the southern part of the State to assist in organizing a Pilgrim church. A good part of the proposing members being from his own flock, their appeal was urgent and was acceded to. An infant organization of a few persons was brought to birth and christened the Pilgrim Church of Pomona. The organization was effected in a public hall, loaned for the occasion. The church's stipulated tenure of the premises expired at precisely 3 P. M., in order that the room might be put in order for theatrical occupancy at night. The accouchement was therefore, naturally, a hurried one. The constituting services had to be abbreviated. Among the things cast out was the sermon, which the visiting pastor from the north had come five hundred miles to preach. Well, sweet are the uses of adversity! Never apparently did loss so small, work gain so great. On the lack of that initiatory sermon the Pilgrim Church of Pomona has most wonderfully thriven. The church was poor at the outset. It possessed no house, no foot of ground; only a Bible, a dozen hymn books, and as many zealous members. Over this featherless chick was spread the brooding wing of the American Home Missionary Society. It was a plucky bird. Said the wise-hearted pastor, already on the ground: "Here's a case where the questionable old saw, 'half a loaf better than no bread,' won't work at all. If this new well is to be driven, it must be driven to the vein. If there is to be but surface digging let there be none. If the American Home Missionary Society will supply us with $600 for the first six months, we'll make no promises, but we'll do the best we can." Well, the G. O. .S —Grand Old Society—responded and gave the six hundred for the desired six months. At the expiration of that period the Pilgrim Church of Pomona, located upon land and in a house of its own, bade its temporary foster-mother a grateful good-bye. And, as it did so, put back into her hand two hundred of the six hundred dollars which had been given.

What has been the further outcome? That noble church, headed by a noble Massachusetts pastor, has become in the matter of Home Missions, at least—but not in Home Missions only—the leading church of Southern California. It has to-day an enrollment of 220. It has contributed, this year, $350 to the funds of your Society. Alert in all activities of its own, it is a stimulus to all those of its neighbors. It had not yet got formally organized—the audacious little strutling—before it made a cool proposition to the handful of Pilgrim churches then existing in South-

ern California, for the creation of a college; had secured the location in its own town; itself appointed the first board of trust and named it Pomona College. It never waited to be hatched before it began to crow, and to such purpose that it crowed up a college, an institution which already owns two hundred acres of choice land, has a subscription list of $25,000 for buildings, besides a present building costing $20,500; which has in its senior class eleven students, in its preparatory department seventy-one, and in a recent revival interest has numbered a goodly group of converts; and which has brought it about that the General Association of Southern California, at its meeting within a month, should commit its fifty churches fully to the subject of Christian education, to the annual presentation of the advantages and claims of Pomona College and to an annual collection for its funds. All this, brethren, out of one of your flowing wells in three short years.

Let these two instances briefly suffice—not to set forth—but to merely suggest what it means in the line of Spiritual Reclamation to open a fountain in the midst of a valley. The wide-extended and incalculable influence of one single home missionary church is as rich in its possibilities and its actualities as that of its material type, the flowing well whose construction and products I have attempted to sketch for you from personal observation on our Pacific coast.

Your Annual Society Reports say, so many churches organized, so many members added, so many conversions secured, so many years of labor rendered, so many dollars raised, so many institutions planted. All that is but the bare, dead skeleton of the real work and real accomplishment. For, brethren, he will fail utterly to read the full significance of such annual statistics if he does not allow his imagination to read between the figures a great deal more than his eyes can see in them.

You do not by any means, as I have endeavored in my poor way to suggest to you to-night, obtain the full significance of a material desert reclaimed under irrigation by a mere exhibit of the number and monetary value of its products. The unratable far exceeds the ratable, the indirect results far outweigh the direct, the ultimate and invisible is of a thousand fold more consequence than the direct and visible. Precisely so it is, although upon a vastly augmented scale, here in our out-reaches into spiritual reclamation. One single, living home missionary church, indwelt by the Spirit of God, is a fountain of spiritual life and refreshment, and joy

and beauty, whose ministry—direct and indirect, visible and invisible, traceable and untraceable, immediate and ultimate—no living soul can estimate!

For sixty-four years, Messrs. Secretaries, you tell us the Grand Old Society has been sinking such wells, opening such fountains in the midst of valleys fed from the rivers of God. For sixty-four years this Society has stood as intermediary between earth's parching sands and heaven's crystal waters. You tell us that the Grand Old Society has in that period opened nearly five thousand and five hundred flowing wells, in forty-two States and Territories, extending from Maine to Texas, from Massachusetts to Oregon, from Virginia to California. Some of these have flowed for three years, some for thirty, some for more than sixty. Some of them in the newest portions of our land, and many in the older. What man on earth, what angel in heaven, what mind less than the mind of the Infinite Himself can compute the aggregated results of such a work, extending through such a period and over such a breadth of nascent civilization? Our thoughts stagger in the attempt to sum up the results accruing in but a couple of instances. How vast the total! Sixty four years, a period extending nearly over two generations, a period during which our Union has been extending from a mere rim upon the Atlantic into a swaddling band broad enough to nearly cover the whole body of the continent! What have these fifty-five hundred churches, together with those manifold more which have sprung from them or been nourished by them—for we must not forget that a Society which during this period has been bringing forth so large a family of immediate children has also been becoming grandmother and great-grandmother to a family vastly larger—what, I ask, has been the influence of this Society, and of this great army of its foster churches, in making and sustaining the civilization of America for the last sixty-four years? And what shall that influence, proceeding to exert itself in arithmetical progression, continue to be for the sixty-four to come, and for the sixty-four times sixty-four yet to come?

At an expense all this? Yes, indeed; but I care not for any statement of the figures. I am content to know that while the cost of the flowing well can be stated in hundreds, its ultimate outcome can be expressed only in millions.

Fathers and brethren: The duty allotted to me is done. I have placed before you what is possible in spiritual reclamation by citing and suggesting to you under a few particulars what is actual.

I represent the outposts. Not California alone, but Oregon and Washington, Alaska, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana Speaking for that great outpost region, I report to you that much land remains to be possessed. And the land is very desert. The poor and needy are seeking water and there is none. And tongue faileth for thirst. I am here to voice that mute appeal. It is the appeal of a need which is ineffable!

But, thank God, the reclamatory agencies are not inadequate. And they are not far to seek. Never in all the ages will the Lord God of Israel forsake thirst-perishing souls. Over against every death valley hang mountains of God. Behold them! Lofty, serene, white, eternal! Upon those bare heights he will open rivers of water. We have not to ascend into heaven to call down help from above. It is nigh us. Even, members of the American Home Missionary Society, in your mouth, and in your tongue, and in your purse. You are the intermediaries. Blessed be the Lord God who can lay such honor and privilege upon men! We beseech you hasten to bring the waters into our thirsty valley. It has been demonstrated on the material side that water and work will turn the driest desert into a garden of delight. Your sixty-four years have wrought into demonstration that this is just as possible upon the spiritual side.

Yourselves possess the facts. There was no need for one to come out of the far West to rehearse them to you. The need is only that the facts be perceived and pondered in their real significance. Sink us more wells. We thank you for those you have helped us to. Help us to more. Your American Home Missionary Society is one of God's artesian well-constructors. It is a corporation for supplying the water of the river of life, proceeding clear as crystal, out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Every desert thing to which it comes has life. The leaves of its trees are for the healing of the nations. Give us this water to dispense, oh men of faculty, men of wisdom, men of will and wealth. Be ye unto our desert valley God's intermediaries of grace, and we will show you the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. We will plant for you churches and Sunday-schools and colleges and institutions for theological education that shall be as orchards and gardens of the Lord. Their verdure shall not fail to fill your whole American western world, nor their spicy balm to flow out even beyond your farthest west to beckoning deserts trans-Pacific, and to touch also with hope and with help many an imploring island of the sea.